



LIFE

APRIL 1ST

Am. Cong.





Every Tire, no matter how poor, has its patrons and its partisans ;
but the one true Tire test is—time and travel.

Find, among your friends, the old and experienced motorists—men
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In the majority of cases you'll find them committed beyond the possibility of
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specially woven Sea Island Cotton ; because the cushion is absolutely
pure Para ; because Hartford Inner Tubes are made to fit without folding,
straining, or wrinkling, which means durability impossible in a tube vul-
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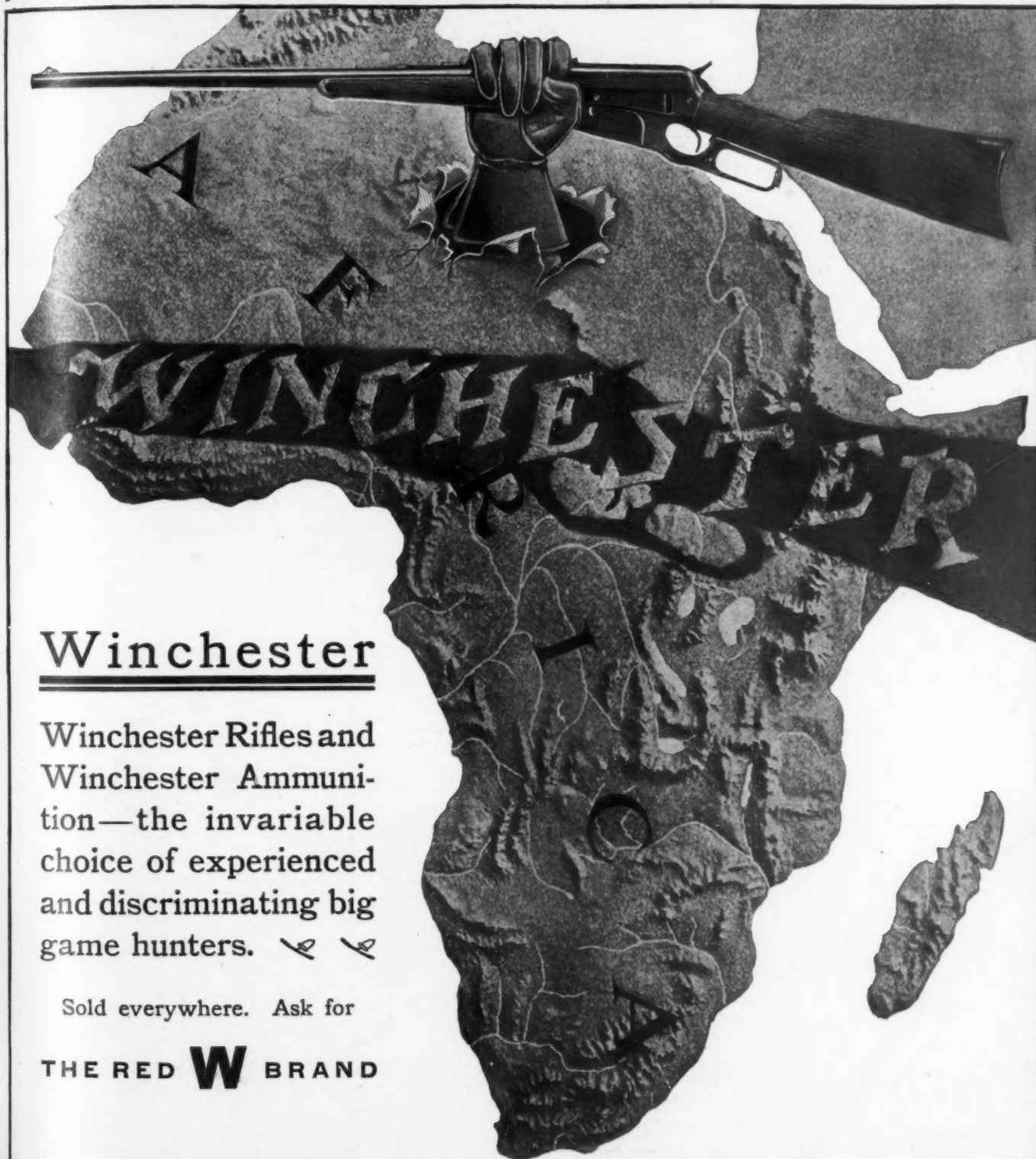
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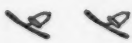


• LIFE •

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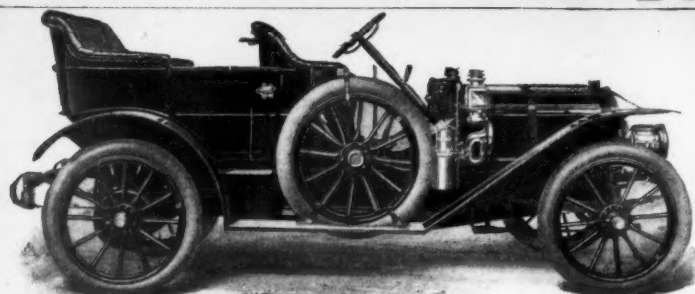
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Offset Crank-Shaft makes this car silently powerful—capable of running at forty or three miles an hour on high speed, and climbing any hill with gratifying ease.

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and desirable
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If you don't believe it, send for our handsome catalogue and book of testimonials.

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covered with materials
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the sun are bound to fade
and will retain grease or
other stains in spite of all
the cleaning methods
known. Hence a car of
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is absolutely fast and
easily cleaned. See that
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cheap, inferior substitute
offered by the dealer to
increase his profits at
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SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1896.)
N. 31 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Hotel

The long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves.

The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient hand tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual chit—chit—chit from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the bar-keeper mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded café, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing glutinous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells—the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies—the naked souls; souls weazen and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

—Harriet Monroe, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

What She Wanted

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*learning golf*): Dear me, what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole.

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*looking over a book of instructions*): Let—me—see. I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape to get it out.

FIRST YOUNG LADY: Oh, yes, of course. See if you can find one like a dustpan and brush.—*Tit-Bits*.

UPON receipt of your subscription for one year, at our regular rate of Five Dollars, we will send you, with LIFE'S compliments, a special photogravure reproduction, 10 x 12 inches in size, on plate paper 15 x 20 inches, of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's latest drawing "ABSENT FRIENDS!"

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York.



Guy de Maupassant

KING
of All
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Writers

For the first time ever presented American readers the ONLY COMPLETE Edition, absolutely unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer, translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by Paul Bourget, of the French Academy.

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De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis.

Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion, his psychological curiosity kept him true to human nature, while at the same time his mental eye when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of human conduct, could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd.

His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

These marvelous quaint, delicious stories should be a part of every library. Here are given tales of travel and adventure, of mystery and dread, of strange medical experiences, of love and lust, of comedy, and pathos that hovers upon the borders of comedy, and of tragedy.

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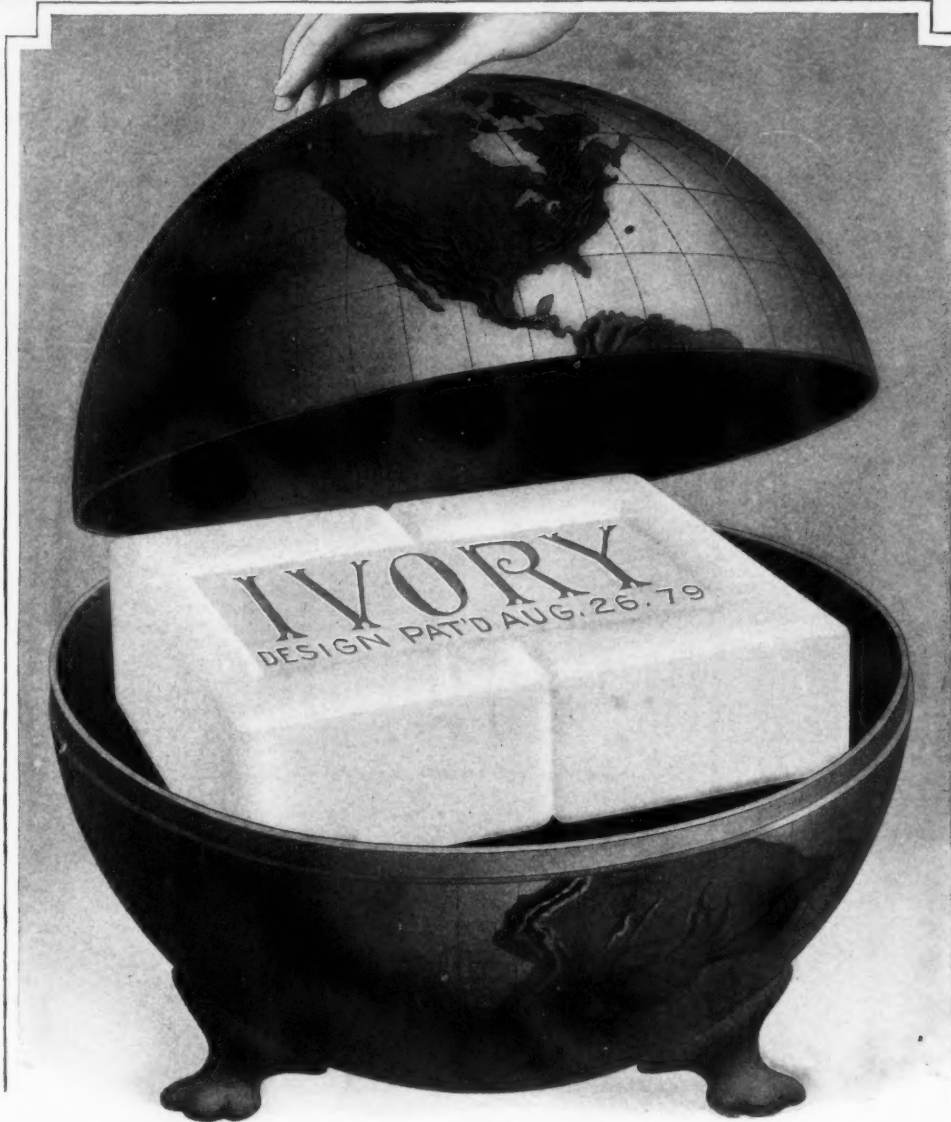
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Life, 3-25.

"Maupassant was the painter of humanity in words. Without hatred, without love, without anger, without pity, merciless as fire, immutable as fate, he holds a mirror up to life without attempting judgment."

Anatole France,
Member of the
French Academy.

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A PURE SOAP IN THE WORLD'S SOAP BOX.

Webster's Dictionary defines "purity" as "the condition of being pure."

Pure is defined as "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes; genuine; real."

This definition fits Ivory Soap exactly. It is "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes." It is genuine. It is real.

Twenty years ago, pretty nearly everybody looked upon Ivory Soap as merely a bath and fine laundry soap.

They do so no longer.

Intelligent men and women, all over the country, have awakened to the fact that purity is more important than perfume. And they use Ivory Soap for the toilet, as well as for the bath, not because it is cheap, but because it is pure.

Can you think of a better reason?

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

NOTE—With a stout thread, it is a very easy matter to cut a cake of Ivory Soap into two cakes of convenient size for toilet use.

LIFE



1912

INTERIOR OF THE OFFICE OF PERKINS, SISTER & CO.

The Woman Question



THE woman question is assuming enormous proportions. It is becoming fair, fat and forty, and no question, at such a period, can be ignored.

Nor is the question as simple as it seems at first sight. It can neither be crushed by a contemptuous cuff nor proved by platitudinous plaudits.

But, after all, the whole question lies with the women themselves. We have been telling them all along that they could have anything they wanted and we meant it. The truth of the matter is that women do not want the suffrage. To be sure, some of them want it; yea, bad enough to make speeches about it, just as some men are foolish enough to want to

give it to them before they are ready. But most women, either subconsciously or otherwise, see that they cannot get the suffrage without giving up something which they now have and which they now like. The suffrage is not free like salvation.

Just now women, by the grace of men, are petted, pampered, posied, perfumed and plumed, and they like it. But just as soon as they go in for votes, vim, vigor and vitality, which mean economic independence, their prerogatives as privileged pets are likely to disappear. Of course, all this discussion

may be directly in line with rational evolutionary progress, inuring to the ultimate benefit of both men and women. But the present fact is that women are not ready to forego the joys in hand and fly to others of which they know not.

Ellis O. Jones.



"The Whole Question Lies with the Women Themselves"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AT this writing the revision of the tariff has not yet begun, the papers have only three or four columns a day about Colonel Roosevelt, who has not started yet for Africa, and the most interesting subject for discussion seems still to be woman suffrage. Put it down to the credit of the advocates of that innovation that at least they have managed to get it working in people's minds. It is very much discussed. It is getting so, indeed, that everybody wants to know how his acquaintances feel on that subject, just as before a Presidential election everybody wants to know how everybody else is going to vote.

It does not seem at all likely that we shall soon have woman suffrage hereabouts, but out of the discussion of it we may get something else: perhaps something better worth while. Not the least useful way is to regard the demand for it as a symptom of political or economic disease, and look for a cure of it. It hardly needs to be said that the desire of a certain proportion of the women to vote is a result of current social conditions. The occupations of women have changed considerably, even within twenty years, especially in the cities, and the attitude of men toward women has changed somewhat in consequence. The manners of the average man are none too good, neither is he as attentive as he might be to the discharge of his duties. In the Madison avenue surface pay-as-you-enter car this afternoon three young men, in the course of seven blocks, dropped into seats that were vacated, leaving women standing close beside

them. Every sort of public conveyance that traverses New York is infested by men with half-smoked, fuming cigars which they retain without regard to the annoyance they cause to the women and all the other passengers. The lady in Philadelphia who said that she was drifting toward suffrage, and had been almost converted to it by Dr. Lyman Abbott's arguments against it, protested that she was drifting against her own wishes, and all her earlier convictions. "But look," she said, "at the political corruption of this town! I have had to be concerned with it because I am very much interested in charities and civic improvement. When So-and-so ran for office in this ward last fall I worked hard for him. He was beaten. I found there were a thousand men in this ward that would not vote. That made me want votes in municipal elections for qualified women, for there were lots of women who wanted to vote in that election and were fit to vote, and their votes would have helped matters." But the lady in Philadelphia could see no profit in universal woman suffrage. She wanted the minimum of it; votes for qualified women on matters in which they were especially concerned, as schools and the government of cities.



OUR neighbor, Col. George Harvey of the *North American Review*, the most eminent male woman-suffragist now agitating, lately made a book about "Women," in which he recorded his conviction "that the time has arrived when the welfare of the nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office." Reviewing Colonel Harvey's book in the *Courier-Journal*, Colonel Marse-Henry Watterson takes issue with this opinion, declaring that universal man-suffrage is an established failure; that with our means of education no man should vote who cannot read, write, cipher and pay taxes on a hundred dollars' worth of property, and that "every sane and single woman who has property to be taxed and is not represented by a guardian agreed to

by herself" should have a vote. But to woman-suffrage in the bulk, Marse Henry's heart does not go out. As to that he says:

The Man was created and equipped to fight the battles, do the work and provide the means; the Woman to make and maintain the home, to bear and to rear the children. The one function is as important as the other; the equality of the sexes is absolute. The Man has no natural right not possessed by the Woman. But, the better to order the essential and largely artificial arrangements of human society, certain allotments were instituted, and these in the beginning were wise and fair. If subsequent custom; the physical weakness of the Woman; the "cussedness" or selfishness of the Man; the inequalities of condition that gradually crept into government, diverted them, subordinating the Woman, that was the fault of circumstance, not of the original design.

If at this late day universal suffrage could mend it, I should say "fetch it along." But, in my opinion, it would not mend it. On the contrary, it would aggravate many evils of which we now complain and create new ones hitherto unknown.

As Marse Henry puts the case, so it looks to us. We like the original design as he describes it, and he describes it fairly. It is somewhat out of gear. Small matters like the deportment of the three young men on the Madison avenue car, and matters of greater moment like the thousand men who would not vote in a single ward in Philadelphia, and the hundreds of thousands of wage-earning, self-supporting women in the country, attest that our men, for some reason or other, seem not to be equal to their natural job. Perhaps the fact that they take to themselves nine-tenths of the alcohol and ninety-nine hundredths of the tobacco and leave to the women nine-tenths of the religion, has something to do with their relative incapacity to "do the work and provide the means" as designed in the scheme of things that Marse Henry has faithfully rehearsed.

The qualified women (if anybody or any law can sort them out) ought to have votes in municipal matters, but in universal woman-suffrage we see considerable possibilities of mischief, and very small chances of improvement. The great need is for the men to take out a new consecration; give over doping themselves so much with rum and tobacco, amend their manners somewhat, and make a bolder effort to act their true part in the world.



*Lady Speaker: WHAT HOLDS WOMAN DOWN?
Voice from Gallery: HER HAT.*

Laissez Faire

THE weak point in the armor of those people who insist upon being let alone is that they desire to select the particular point in the road at which the non-interference shall begin and before which they usually require a good deal of attention. Before being let entirely alone, they desire to be given a protective tariff, or a political office, or a franchise, or a patent, or a charter, or an inheritance, or something similar.

Man wants but little here below, but he wants to be let alone when he gets it.

The Secret is Out

WITH the announcement that Bryan is going to make upwards of \$100,000 on the lecture stage, reason for the raising of the President's salary is obvious. Only in that way can it be proved that Bryan was really defeated.

A LITTLE gossip now and then is embellished by the most of women.

A Little Confession

FOR this extract we are indebted to the New York Herald:

I made the experiments upon seventeen people between the ages of fifteen and thirty years, but in no instance could a case of consumption, scarlet fever, smallpox or diphtheria be produced. These experiments were made in the following manner: I sprayed the poisons of diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever or consumption into the throat, nose, or had them breathe them into the lungs, repeating the experiment in most cases every one or two weeks for months, with the result that no disease could be developed. Of course, I could not let the patients know what I was doing. I was supposed to be treating them for catarrh of the nose or throat.

This doctor is a true "SCIENTIST." Experiments on animals are of little use unless verified upon humans. He merely did his duty according to his lights.

And so, gentle reader, when your wife, husband, child or parent is being treated by an advocate of vivisection, do not allow yourself to be disconcerted if the patient develops some unexpected disease.

Are we not informed by these gentlemen that "a human life is nothing to a new fact in science"?

The Requirements of Social Position

"I AM ill," says the social leader, dismally.

"Too bad," commiserates his secretary. "Shall I summon a physician?"

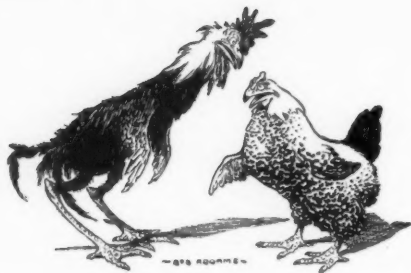
"Summon one? Thunder! Send for twenty physicians. Telephone the photographer to send copies of my latest picture to the newspapers, prepare a typewritten statement denying that there is anything the matter with me and asserting that my indisposition will not have a serious effect on the market. Haven't you had enough experience to know what it means when a man of my position is ill?"



THE WORST OF IT

"OH, I THOUGHT WE COULD DEPEND ON YOU TO FORWARD THE CAUSE OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE."

"WHAT, BE REGISTERED LIKE CATTLE, WITH YOUR AGE SET DOWN FOR FUTURE REFERENCE AND ALL THAT? NEVER!"



"UNDERSTAND ME, HENRY PECK. I SHALL NOT LAY ANOTHER EGG UNLESS YOU GET AN INCUBATOR. I SIMPLY *cannot* NEGLECT MY SOCIAL DUTIES AS I'VE BEEN DOING."

WITH cap awry and bells jangling, he burst into the King's presence.

"Have you heard my last joke, Your Majesty?" he cried.

"I have," was the reply, as the royal axe descended on the neck of the court jester.



The Woman's Club



THE Woman's Club is a modern institution, which has risen in response to a popular demand to have a place where the latest styles of millinery can be displayed at the greatest advantage.

Women's clubs vary in size, from the Village Improvement Society, to the ten-story municipal building, where cigarettes and cocktails can be obtained at all hours of the day and night.

Every woman's club has a civics department, a language department, a lecture department and a literature department. Most woman's clubs also have nature departments, where Nature is brought in and put on the operating table and her secrets laid bare.

The idea of the woman's club is to provide a home for married women who are living with their husbands during the winter months.

The civics department relates to government, and all its latest styles. New styles in government, as they come in, are talked about without the slightest remorse. Governments that have never

Free Will

THE freedom of the will is that part of foreordination, sometimes more tersely and familiarly termed the universality of cause and effect, which allows us to think we are doing something because we would rather do that than something else. The freedom of the will should always be taken for granted, because, if you attempt to talk about it or prove it, you are sure to start an argument and end by not being sure whether you have free will or not.

Pragmatically speaking, the will is free only as to some thing. It is not yet free as to the North Pole, but it has recently become free as to wireless telegraphy, which helps considerably in making it free as to the copper wire trust.

Phylogenetic

"ALL of his ancestors were slave-drivers."

"And what has he turned out to be?"

"A subway guard."



"THEM DIRECTWAHRS IS DEAD SWELL—
AIN'T THEY?"

The Beginning of a Cure

"I CAME in to talk to you about my wife."

As Danbar, a young fellow who had only been married a year so so, entered the office of his distinguished friend, Dr. Pruden, and uttered these words, he was answered not by the doctor, but by a low growl, which proceeded from a box at the side of the doctor's desk. In the box was a cocker spaniel. Under her paws were two old slippers that she was guarding with great solicitude.

Dr. Pruden smiled in reply, as he held out his hand to his friend, whom he had not seen in a long time—over a year.

"Be careful of Sallie," he said. "She's in no mood to be trifled with. You must have knocked her box with your feet when you came around there."

"Yes, I did. By Jove, old man, it seems an age since I've seen you. Well, I'm married, and I see you are making bigger strides than ever in your profession."

Dr. Pruden's reputation, indeed, was by no means local. He was in the best sense of that much abused word a true scientist, and his great work, "Phylogenetic Humanity," was a recognized authority.

"Well, I don't know," he said, modestly. "To tell you the truth, the applause of the multitude doesn't interest me much. Perhaps," he continued, "because they always praise you in the wrong places. I value my own work on a certain muscle of a frog's leg—a study of a lifetime—but I'm known in the papers for light and inconsequential hypnotic experiments. So there you are. But what is the matter with your wife?"

Danbar leaned back meditatively in his chair.

"There's so much the matter with her," he said, "that I don't know just where to begin. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid it's hopeless."

The doctor smiled.

"That's always a safe proposition to make with a woman," he said, "even if it is unscientific. But don't let's jump at conclusions. Tell me briefly the facts."

"Well, the facts are simple. She has been, and is now, considered to be one of the brightest and cleverest women in town. And when I say this I mean sensible, too. She has a real mind. But somehow or other, she doesn't take to home life. The meals are never right. The servants do as they please—when we have any. She is constantly preparing papers, going out to literary clubs and so on. But I don't even dare to bring home a friend to dinner, not knowing what we will have to eat. In short, doctor, my wife apparently thinks that home life is beneath her. I'm ashamed of the way the house is run and apparently she is ashamed of me to think I'm disturbed about it."

Dr. Pruden stroked his chin softly.

"That's what we call a case of *ef-feminitis Americanis*," he said facetiously. "I used to think there was no known cure for it, but—well, maybe there isn't. Of course you understand," he said, "that it is really a case of deterioration, or, perhaps, I should say in your wife's case, of misdirected activity—to put it mildly."

"How do you mean?"

"Simply this. Whatever woman may become in the future, no one knows. But at present her proper physiological mission is to be a mother, to interest herself in the details of a household, to cook, to sew, and mend; in short, to occupy herself with all of those apparent domestic trivialities, but which are in reality necessary for her normal functions. Now, whenever she shows a distaste for these things—thinks herself above them—discards them and takes to those so-called intellectual activities, she becomes abnormal, and immediately begins to deteriorate. Of course your wife would be the last one to believe this. She would passionately resent any such statement. But when we come to analyze her mental processes—the reading of papers before her club, for example, which is a well defined form of female mental degeneracy—and ask

ourselves what results she is accomplishing, we see at once that her proper functions have been suspended."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Wait a moment. You are a business man. Say you are engaged in selling wool. In order to perfect yourself in your business, that you may satisfy your normal functions as a man, you learn all you can about sheep and their habits, from textbooks, from observation, from talk. Why? Because a knowledge of sheep is essential to your success, and your success is nothing more than the result of exercising your heritage as a human being, the preservation of self. Everything is subordinate to that. Now a woman's physiological function is just as clearly defined as a man's. Don't you see, therefore, that when she departs from her regular path she is deteriorating?"

"Of course. But how can this be avoided or helped?"

Danbar in his excitement leaned forward, and doing so he touched once again the corner of the dog's box. She growled ominously.

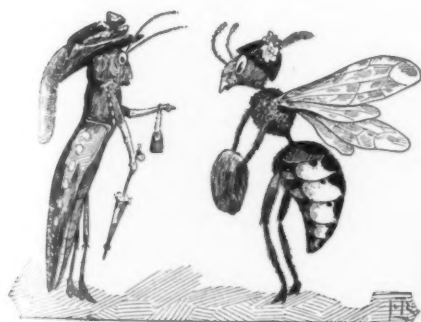
"What's the matter with her?" he asked.

The doctor smiled.

"There's nothing particularly the matter with her now," he replied. "You see those slippers she's guarding with so much jealous care? Well, she thinks they are puppies. Until she had them



THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE



"DON'T YOU KNOW, MISS WASP, THAT YOUR FIGURE IS DREADFULLY OUT OF FASHION?"

she was miserable. Now she's all right. That frequently happens with dogs, you know." He looked significantly at Danbar. "An idea came to me this morning," he said, "while I was looking at that dog and thinking about her. I'm mighty glad you came in. Are you willing to try a foolish experiment?"

"I'm willing to do anything."

"Do you think I could meet your wife—casually, you understand—in-formally?"

"I think I might bring it about."

"Well, then, just listen to me."

* * *

It might have been a month later that one afternoon Danbar walked into his home and upstairs to his wife's sitting room. He discovered her writing at her desk.

"Busy, my dear, as usual?"

"Yes—my correspondence is growing all the time. What is that package in the hall?"

"Oh, that," he said, carelessly, "that reminds me. My dear, are you prepared to do me a favor? I know you are awfully busy." His voice was soft and pleasant. He got the package and was engaged in opening it.

"I hate to trouble you about such a small matter," he said, "but one of the men in my office—my most valuable

man—has a little girl in the hospital, and I wanted to send her something. Do you think——" Here he opened the contents of the package, "you could possibly find time to dress this doll for me?"

Mrs. Danbar got up from the desk. Her eyes fastened fixedly upon this new object, with its beautiful pink cheeks, its fluffy hair, its baby face.

"How funny!" she exclaimed. "That friend of yours—what's his name? Doctor Pruden—said the other evening that he knew I would just love a doll if I had one, and I couldn't help thinking afterward what a silly thing to say."

She moved toward the doll. The color came to her face.

"What a dear!" she exclaimed, passionately clasping the inanimate thing and straining it to her breast. The tears came to her eyes. "How foolish of me!" she murmured. "Dear me, I should love to dress it."

She turned almost unconsciously and closed up her desk, still with the doll in her arms.

"Jack! I'm a fool!" she exclaimed again, struggling for mastery.

Danbar laughed.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "We are all girls and boys, aren't we? But you haven't answered my question. Will you do me that favor?"

In reply she hugged the doll tighter than ever.

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I will make some clothes for her, and get a crib and just have the loveliest time—only——" she paused and looked at him; a new, strange light was in her eyes—"you can't have her back!" she exclaimed. "She is mine!"

And her delighted husband, seeing ahead of him visions of a new life, full of hope and promise, replied, "Yes, dear—all to yourself, to do just as you please with. Don't be afraid. I won't interfere! Only, I declare, for a moment there I didn't know but you were actually going to show your teeth and growl at me." *Chesterton Todd.*

Medical Maxims

NO operation is without dishonor, except in its own clinic.

The path of physic leads but to the grave.

Easy money—see appendix.

Time waits for no prescription.

Now behold three things: doctoring, nursing and nature; but the greatest of these is nature.

Where there's a pill there's a pay.



Mr. Bird: BEEN TO A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING, EH? THE NEXT THING, YOU'LL EXPECT ME TO LAY THE EGGS!

What Every Woman Knows

THAT her own particular husband is not so large hearted and generous as the husband of some other woman.

That her present gowns are wholly inadequate to the occasion.

That a trip to Europe at least every other year is necessary to maintain her in health.

That her own family physician is the only man who knows anything about medicine.

That it is a great mistake not to buy a new motor car every year.

That Salome isn't so bad as she thought it was going to be.



FOR LADIES WHO CANNOT AFFORD A MAID
(OR A HUSBAND)



A WOMAN'S RIGHT



FOR A GOOD GIRL

Summary of the Morning News

(As we should like to see it.)

THE New York transportation companies met in conference and agreed to give the people largely increased facilities and better service.

The stock exchange will hereafter trade only securities that are actually bought and sold.

Klaw & Erlanger retired from the theatrical trust, which was immediately disbanded.

President Taft's message was only about a page of letter paper in length.

A prominent and wealthy man who committed a crime yesterday was tried in the afternoon, convicted and is now in jail.

Congress passed a law that in case the appropriations hereafter exceeded the income of the country each member was to be made personally responsible.

Several New York excursion boats known by the authorities to be unsafe were burned up by order of the district attorney.

Meals will hereafter be served to school children who are not properly nourished. The expense will be incurred by Trinity parish.

Ex-President Roosevelt decided that he would not shoot any animals in Africa, but would be satisfied to take their photographs.

The income tax on all incomes over fifteen thousand dollars went into effect.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. has opened a school of courtesies for the use of its employees.

THE wise man doesn't attempt to understand woman. He merely struggles to get along with her.



"THIS IS THE LYRIC THEATRE."
 "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"
 "BECAUSE THAT'S THE BLUE MOUSE."



What I Think

Everything on this page must be signed.

Lincoln Had a Good Time

IN the immense volume of discourse about Lincoln with which the country was provided last month, there was one point that, in so far as I noticed, did not get due attention. Nobody had anything to say about the fun that Lincoln had,—the immense satisfactions that he got out of life. It has been a habit to think of him as a man of sorrows (and so he was); a man borne down to the very breaking point with the huge load laid upon him; a great sufferer from cares, anxieties, domestic trials, bereavements and manifold distresses too many and various to recount.

So he was; but if anybody is sorry for Lincoln let him cheer up and save his grief for some needier object. For Lincoln, all things considered, must have had, in the current vernacular, "a wonderful time." His burdens were enormous, but so were his compensations. After he had won through some very grievous trials and mental disturbances of his early manhood, his path was continually upwards. The rise was very slow at first, but it was continuous. He had enormous powers of mental and spiritual recuperation, and a Heaven-sent sense of humor that kept his spirit healthy. His mind was a splendid kingdom, his heart an empire. and it is inconceivable that they did not both yield him a continuous tribute. All the time, he was searching for truth and finding it, and there is no greater human delight than that. His stories were packed full of thought, and were employed to carry it. There must have been great delight in imparting such stories. Of course he enjoyed them.

He was enormously burdened, but his strength was equal to the load. To carry a load equal to his strength is what every strong man who is wise aspires to. That is not hardship, it is the fruition of life. "Rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," saith the Scripture, and Lincoln had his great moments of rejoicing. Happiness is a state of mind. Lincoln had his full share of it. It is intermittent of course, but he was never far from it and never long shut off from it. Some of the shal-

lows of it he doubtless missed, but he got all the depths. He was a great lover of men, he harmed no one, he had enormous opportunities to do good to men and he used them all. Happiness? Of course he had it!

E. S. Martin.

Worse to Come?

WE all know the American husband—some millions of him—who realizes that his wife married him as a matter of conquest. This conquest will be complete when she becomes a voter. To the victor belong the spoils. While no ordinary husband—however courageous in other matters—would question, in his wife's presence, the mental superiority of woman, yet he wonders how she evades the knowledge that woman's suffrage will bring political disaster. The female population of England consists chiefly of English women. In American cities it consists chiefly of God knows what. And the difference is mighty. The vote of our ignorant foreigners—often for sale—will be so augmented as to become invincible. Civic reform will be indefinitely postponed.

However, there may be a belief that civic reform is less important—at least for domestic peace—than the political advancement of our owners.

J. A. Mitchell.

Restricted Suffrage for Women

I THINK more women and fewer men should have the right to vote. Therefore, let us give the suffrage to all women who can read and write, and who themselves pay taxes equal to ten per cent. of the amount they spend on their clothes. This would bar all the illiterate and almost all the fashionable women. Then if the educated and sensible women would combine with the educated and badly dressed men to take the vote away from all men who could not read or write, and from all men who spent more than ten times the amount of their taxes on their clothes, we might have a truly intelligent and plainly dressed electorate.

And the women, bless them, would either pay more taxes or spend less time at the dressmakers and milliners' shops which, in either case, would be a distinct gain to the state.

James S. Metcalfe.

Why Not Discriminate?



INASMUCH as the anti-suffragists claim to have a more far-reaching and a more searching regard for the welfare of the country than the suffragists, and inasmuch as they believe that those women who wish to vote are not to be trusted with such a sacred function, why would it not be possible for some corporation lawyer to draw a sort of compromise bill to cover the whole question?

It being clear that all women should not vote, therefore, we should discriminate. But how? It is easy. There is no better way than to give the vote to the women who do not want it and deny it those who have tried so strenuously to get it. This would lift the matter clear out of all considerations of sex and confine it solely to malefactors.

Ellis O. Jones.

The Decay in Anxiety

IF all the people who have originated or promulgated cures for fear succeed, we shall be soon in the position of having nothing to be anxious about.

Will this be desirable?

There was a man who wouldn't go down a certain pair of stairs before eleven in the morning; another who was afraid to cross the river on a ferryboat; another who never dared to leave his house for fear it would burn down—and so on through a long list.

Now, these are improper anxieties—they proceed from pathological conditions.

But are there proper anxieties, and should they be kept alive?

A person in a Christian Science Church once fainted away and fell to the floor. Several people looked around but no one offered to help. No one cared—or dared—to display any anxiety. Eventually the person came to, and with some difficulty got out, where she was helped home by strangers on the street.

Of course she was to blame. She had not yet reached the plane of thought where she was conscious that fainting away is an error of mortal mind.

But when all the world gets there—when everyone is blissfully unconscious of suffering, and has no sense of responsibility about anything—what will happen? It is possible, of course, that



Said a charm-ant young lady named Wigger, "If hats are made very much bigger, It'll kill me, I know, To 'ménage' my chapeau, So that I may continue de rigger!"



The Rich Miss Hipp: STRAIGHT HIPS AND FISH TAIL EFFECT? WELL, I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO DO IT OR DIE.

Agitating Possibility

WINS CONTRACT AND BRIDE.
ARTIST WHITE TO PAINT KENTUCKY CAPITOL AND MARRY MISS GEARY.

—Headline in the "Sun."

Will he be going to paint it red, may be?

if the thing is done thoroughly enough, it will remedy itself.

For example, it is only half the battle to say that we ought not to be anxious about our debts. When the cycle is completed, and our creditors are not anxious about them—when we can run up as many bills as possible, and the slightest intimation on our part to the creditor is met with a smile of protest and the statement that they wouldn't think of troubling us—for the simple reason that there is no such thing as trouble—won't that be the millenium?

It ought to be.

Think also of having our favorite child go wrong, and smile as we hear of his downfall.

That seems to be the logical outcome of the new thought. Why shrink from it?

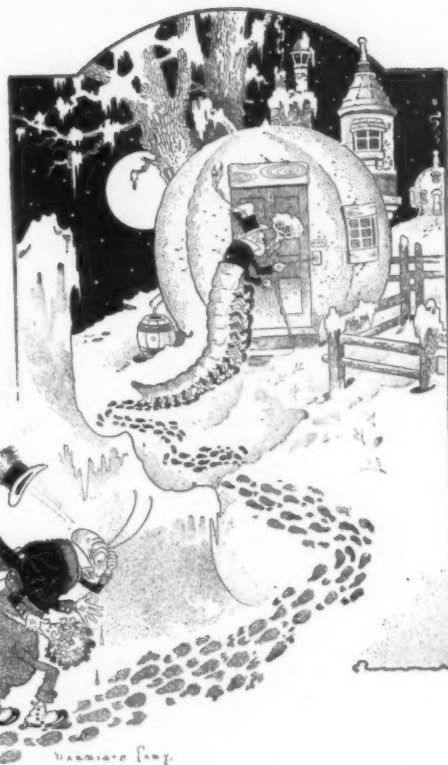
Thomas L. Masson.

Shore Lots

CITTEMAN: Oh, these are the shore lots you advertised? Well, there doesn't seem to be much to them.

BOOMLEY: Say, you want to come up and have a look at them when the tide's out!

"WHAT kind of a cow is that?"
"A Fletcher cow. Chews her food before swallowing."



Nearsighted Mr. Bug: NO USE OF MY TRYING TO CALL UPON THE FAIR ANNABELLE TO-NIGHT, FOR HERE'S THE FOOT-PRINTS OF EVERY CHAP IN TOWN.

Turks and Women

A WRITER in the London *Daily Mail* says that the right to vote is making the men of Turkey "reasonable and comprehensible," but no one has yet had the temerity to claim so much for woman suffrage in civilized countries.

Which Sex?

Above all, let us refrain from unjust criticism of the sex that has made us the nation that we are.—*Vogue*.

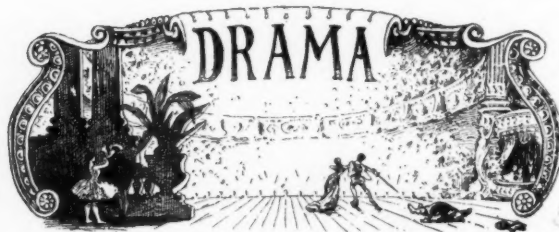
WHICH sex is that? Which sex has made us the nation that we are? To ask the question is enough; it needs no answer. Everybody knows offhand that it has taken both sexes to make us a nation, and that it always has taken, and always will take, both sexes to accomplish anything that will last over night.

Oh, Those Irish!

WILLIAM PRESS, alias Wolfsky, and Reuben Wolfinsky were arrested in New York late last month on suspicion of poisoning horses. There was no malice about it: it was strictly business. The method was to poison a few horses belonging to a large concern and then make the concern pay tribute to have the rest of its horses left alive. Having thus demonstrated that horse insurance was necessary and profitable the promoters had little trouble—so the papers say—in extending their business.



"AND KING SOLOMON GAVE UNTO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA WHATSOEVER SHE ASKED"



What Mr. Fitch Doesn't Know About Bachelors



CONCERNING femininity and things feminine Mr. Clyde Fitch has shown that he has an exhaustive knowledge. In "The Bachelor," as in his other plays, he shows in the drawing of thoroughly male and masculine character that his knowledge is either limited or that his hand is inexpert. Almost all of Mr. Fitch's women, from society leader to servant-maid, have been portrayed with a fidelity which makes them recognizable and dramatically interesting as types of our time. But from the large number of plays he has written it is difficult to recall a single male character who was not either commonplace or defective in manly qualities.

There are four male characters in "The Bachelor." One, the friend of the hero, is simply a dramatic necessity, therefore colorless, and may be dismissed without comment. Another is a fresh office-boy, of the kind usually portrayed on the stage, and who would last in any well-conducted place of business just about long enough to get his hat and coat and be thrown out the office door. The brother of the heroine, who is essential to the plot, is a more important study, and Mr. Fitch has seen fit, entirely without cause, to make him a young cad. His blunders, which make the plot, might easily have been confined to the mistaken chivalry of extreme youth without being tainted with cheap selfishness, thereby spoiling what might have been an attractive picture of brother-and-sister devotion. This would have been at least equally true to life, would have removed an unpleasant streak from the play and might have served as the basis for considerably more humor.

The title-role, played in distinct and clean-cut fashion by Mr. Charles Cherry, is that of a bachelor of very weak and foggy characteristics. Good authority says that all the world loves a lover, but no one loves a lover who hasn't the wit or the manly mind to decide that he is a lover. Even for comedy purposes—and "The Bachelor" is the lightest kind of light comedy—a Wall street broker and man of the world who is in love with his stenographer and has to be knocked in the head to realize the fact, is a little too far out of drawing to be effective.

But the women rescue the comedy and give it its main interest. The plot is a thin one and keeps going back over itself both in incident and speech, like a phonograph that slips its needle, to make the piece last out the required three acts. It has a good many laughs, many of them supplied by the admirable work of Miss Janet Beecher as a Scandinavian maid-of-all-work in the flat of the heroine's family. The stenographer on whom the affections of the hero finally settle definitely is made charming, original and piquante by Miss Ruth Maycliffe, whose toes twiddled so delightfully in "Girls." Miss Blessing was her conventional but truthfully depicted mother.

"The Bachelor" is far from profound, is quite funny and fits well into the boudoir-like coziness of Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

A Badly Abused Word



LINGUISTICALLY the French are in some respects our superiors. Their language lends itself to some fine social distinctions which ours completely ignores. For instance, their "madame" recognizes the uncertainty about a lady's marital status which we frequently feel but have no way of expressing. Their "artiste" also embodies our poor "actress," and saves that term from the reproach which has fallen upon it in English. We seem to have no word to distinguish the respectable and self-respecting woman

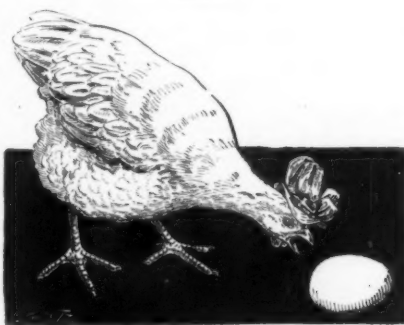
of the stage, eminent in her art and above reproach in her private life, from the ladies who, when found drunk in the gutter or engaged in some other scandalous and unlawful adventure, and lined up before the police lieutenant, invariably give their occupation as "actress." In the theatre itself every female person, even though she be no more intellectual or artistic than the pin-headed chorugirl in the back row, or the animated clothes-horse called a "show-lady," describes herself as an "actress." Every woman who appears discreditably in divorce or other court proceedings has a ten-to-one chance of being called "actress" by the newspapers, whether she ever placed foot on the stage or not. And pulpit enemies of the theatre revel in giving the misused word a kick on its downward career. As a definitive term "actress" seems to have lost its value. Up to present writing none of our language improvers has been able to sug-

gest another which shall supply the meaning it formerly had.

Mr. Henry James on the Stage



ARVELOUS as it may seem, Mr. Henry James's English put into the mouths of stage characters to be spoken was not entirely unintelligible. In fact, some of his sentences in "Disengaged," as performed by Dorothy Donnelly and a clever company at a recent matinée, were quite terse and pithy. In his later writings Mr. James so rarely makes the mistake of using a simple sentence, where he can elaborate a complicated and involved one, that this must have come as a shock to those in the audience who know him only through his more recent books. More than that, some of his lines and situations caused actual laughter. And it must be ad-



New Woman Hen: HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

mitted that his characters, all moving in upper English society, were persons of good manners and correct speech. They were not at all given to the slang which is epidemic in those circles, and it is not unsafe to say that every word they uttered could be found in even the most conservative of English dictionaries.

For his comedy construction Mr. James, curious to relate, seems to have gone to that school of trivial French farce which joys in having its characters continually going off the stage only to reappear with equal frequency in unexpected places at unexpected moments. This method works better in pieces of the slap-stick variety than in polite comedy and has rather a bewildering effect on the spectator. In fact, almost up to the final curtain, it was difficult to determine exactly what all the apparently unnecessary complications really meant.

Almost simultaneously with Miss Donnelly's creditable resurrection of "Dis-

engaged" from Mr. James's past, a more recent dramatic child of his brain has been heard in London. The English critics seem to have received much the same impression of the later work as is recorded in this summary of the earlier one.

It would be less disappointing, perhaps, if Mr. James is going to write for the stage that he should blaze out an entirely new trail than hamper himself with traditions in which he is not well versed.

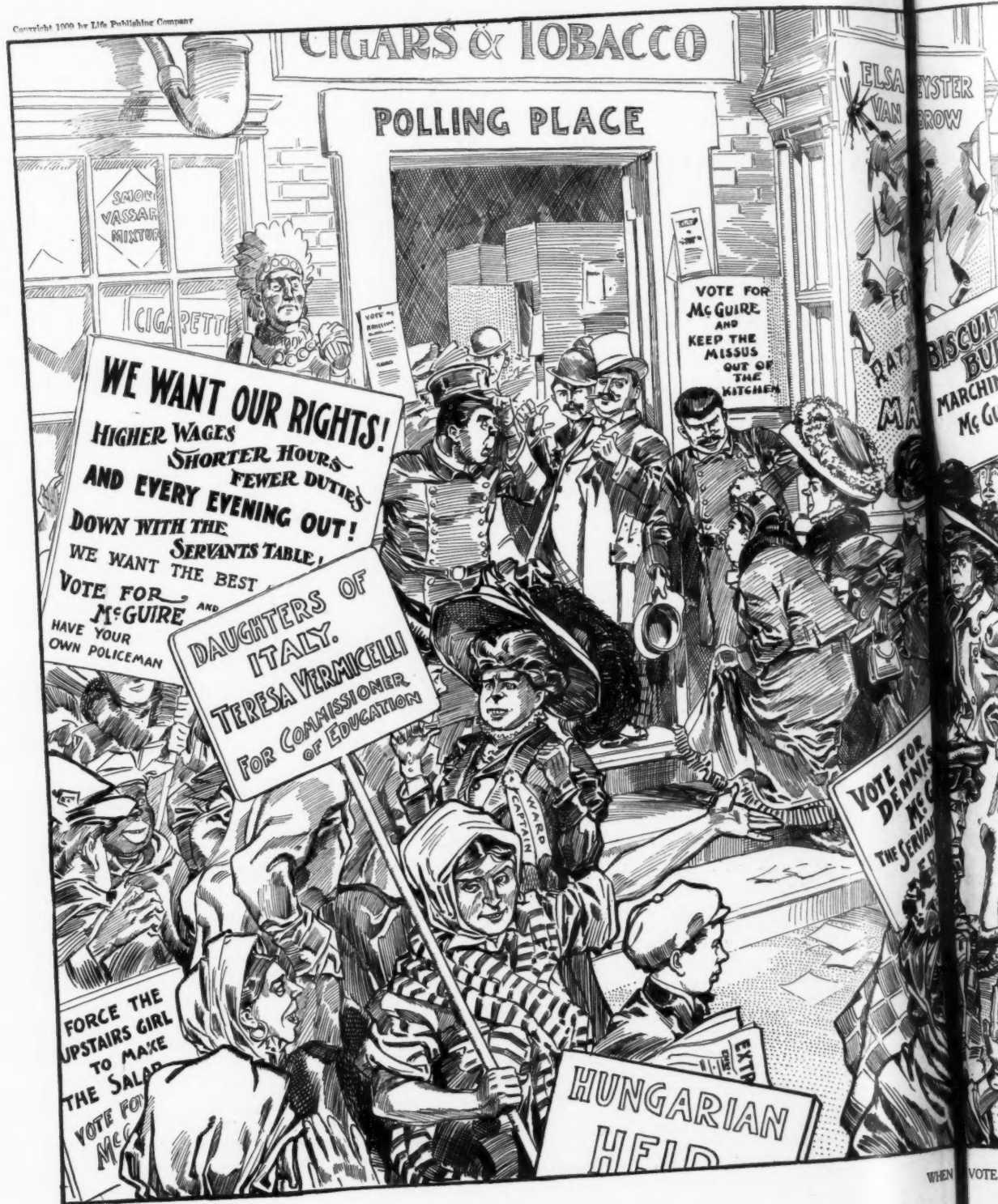
Grand-Operatic Realism



N the first scene of "La Princesse d'Auberge," the recent musical novelty at Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, the place represented is a public square in Brussels. To make the scene realistic there is a constant passing to and fro of chorus people dressed to represent citizens, housewives, laborers, artisans, etc., going about their affairs. Into the square comes one of the principal characters, a charming and high-priced soprano, who proceeds in more or less elaborate song to express her thoughts, her aspirations, her life history, or something equally important. Eut the busy passers-by are apparently either deaf, or blind, or both, because they pay absolutely no attention to this fine musical performance, which is part of the entertainment for which a large audience has paid good prices to witness.

The charming soprano is shortly joined in this public place by a valuable tenor, who also pours out some of his thoughts, etc., in musical numbers. Then the two engage in a highly animated conversation, singing at the tops of their voices. But the callous Brusselians, or Bruxellois, or Brussels sprouts, or whatever the inhabitants of Brussels call themselves, still pay absolutely no attention to the charms of the singing or the vociferous exchange of personal confidences between the two persons they are constantly passing.

If this is realism, the people of Brussels must be very different from those of New York or any other large city. It would be difficult to imagine a high-priced soprano and a valuable tenor coming into Herald Square or Longacre and engaging in a very audible musical discussion of their private affairs without their arresting the attention of passers-by, being immediately surrounded by a crowd and eventually being lugged off to the station-house for disorderly conduct. But in Brussels and in grand opera things are evidently different. Metcalfe.





Shall Women Vote?

The Important Question Settled at Last

AFTER reading the following communications, all doubt as to the justice and general desirability of women voting should at once be removed.

DEAR LIFE:

I think it would be just lovely to vote, and I cannot understand why the privilege has been denied us so long. I am not quite twenty-one yet, but I will be next year, and I have often been awfully interested in some of the questions dear papa talks over with his men friends when he has them to dinner. Papa is delighted that I take such an interest in the government of our country, and I feel sure that he would approve of voting if I should ask him. It would be so nice to have something real interesting to do besides playing golf and seeing football games. Besides, if we had candidates each one of them could have different colors, and I should think it might be very exciting. Of course I should have voted for Mr. Taft, because he has a daughter in college, and we college girls ought to stick together. It would be awfully good fun to stand in line at the booth—I believe that's what they call it—and wave our colors while we waited. Won't you do what you can for us? Cordially yours,

DOLLIE VAN BULL.

DEAR LIFE:

I am a member of the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Revolution, the W. C. T. U., the Y. W. C. A., and it makes my blood boil when I think that the sacred privilege of the ballot is denied to me. I tell you, sir, that this country is on the brink of a mighty revolution. Unless we get our privileges, there is going to be real trouble abroad. Things will never be any better than they are, with the men in charge. I have lived with several of them and know what they are. Although they all left me, before they did so they committed the most awful crimes! Coming home late at night, tracking mud all over, and indulging in that vicious curse, the serpent Rum. If I had the privilege of voting, I would make them stand around, I can tell you. I have been longing all my life to go on the stump.

Yours vehemently,

SUSAN.

SOME women resemble angels only because they are continually harping.



A Composite Singer

THERE used to be a mania for printing a lot of photographs on top of one another and calling the result a composite. So we had composite statesmen, clergymen, artists, athletes, assassins—what not. Being everything in general they looked like nothing in particular. Two negatives may make an affirmative in grammar, but in photography, no.

Try to arrive at the look of an eclectic poet and what happens? Shakespeare's bald dome shines through Racine's flood of curls; Dante's hook nose is annulled by Verlaine's scoop; Poe's sickly moustache shadows Goethe's lip; Shelley's cheeks are lost in Swinburne's disconsolate whiskers and those in the flood of Bryant's beard which hides Byron's lyrical collar, while Walt Whitman's swelling thorax wars with Pope's corseted ribs. The result is not composition, but cancellation.

How much better if one might really compose by selection and elimination, taking the best of the best, and making a better than best.

I have often bewailed our inability to correct the drawing and anatomy of some of our operatic queens. Now I am tormented by a desire to compose a new star out of the star dust of the whole galaxy. What a soprano we could make—if we could.

Mr. Henderson, the critic of the *New York Sun*, once complained that while Tetrassini sang her downward runs superbly, she sang her upward runs in such a fashion that if she were in a conservatory she would be refused a diploma. Little if any fault has ever been found with Mme. Sembrich's vocalism north or south bound. Now if—but wait.

Several critics avowed that while Mary Garden's physique was a feast for the eyes, her high notes gave them the earache. They usually say that, though Emma Eames' beauty fires the blood, her vocal and dramatic work brings icicles to the brow. They complained that while Calvé's interpretation of "Carmen" was dramatically thrilling, her impersonation was about fifty pounds too heavy. Cava-

lieri's graceful charm has led the music critics to refer her to the art critics, since they have found her musical behavior faulty.

Now suppose—alas, we can only suppose—that we were permitted by the anti-vivisection league and the grafter's union to dissect and analyze, then synthesize and reassemble the choicest traits of each of the cohort of geniuses at the two opera houses. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished! As Omar might have said:

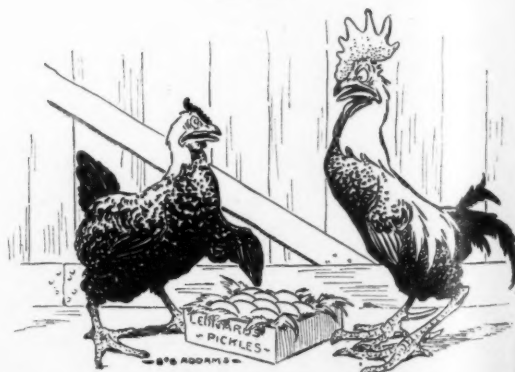
Ah, love, could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this cast of characters entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it nearer to our heart's desire?

For instance, to compose a ravishing ragout of vocalism? Take five golden bead-chains of Tetrassini's; five pearly cadenzas of Sembrich's; add a sufficiency of Destinn's dramatic recitation, Fremstad's warm human tones, Bressler-Gianoli's middle voice, and a mixture of the poignant notes of Schumann-Heink's lower voice with Louise Homer's deep contralto. Stir and knead this mixture till it is perfectly blended, then pour it into a form composed of the best portions of Farrar and Cavalieri with the grace of Garden.

Now there is a singer as is a singer.

The same method could be applied to the men with profit. Take Caruso's top notes and Bonci's art, Zenatello's fire and Erik Schmedes' heroic frame with Dalmores' gift of characterization, Dufranne's mellowness and Renaud's dramatic genius—then where would your critics be? The answer, of course, is that they would still find plenty of fault, since no combination would suit everybody, for there are nearly as many omelettes as there are eggs, and ears have their individualities as well as voices.

—Rupert Hughes.



"DO YOU UNDERSTAND, HENRY? YOU ARE TO SET ON THOSE EGGS WHILE I AM AT THE MOTHER'S MEETING."



THE NEW KINDERGARTEN GAME "SUFFRAGETY"

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY (S)HE SHOULD GO; AND WHEN (S)HE IS OLD (S)HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT"

Modern Improvements

AS we look back over the past, one of the things that strikes us about the great men is that they did not have any of the modern advantages.

Plato, for example, did not go through Harvard. Julius Cæsar did not have the advantage of our up to date system of making brigadier-generals. Think of what Hannibal could have done if he had only the advice of Leonard Wood! Martin Luther had to struggle along as best he could without knowing anything about Christian Science. Machiavelli had no Tammany Hall. Benjamin Franklin had to start his paper without going through the Cornell department of journalism. Lincoln had no Henry James to guide him in the formation of a style. And Charles Darwin, in his experiments with Nature, had to struggle along as best he could without a Rockefeller Institute.

What might they have accomplished had they only lived to-day!

The Girl Who is Finished

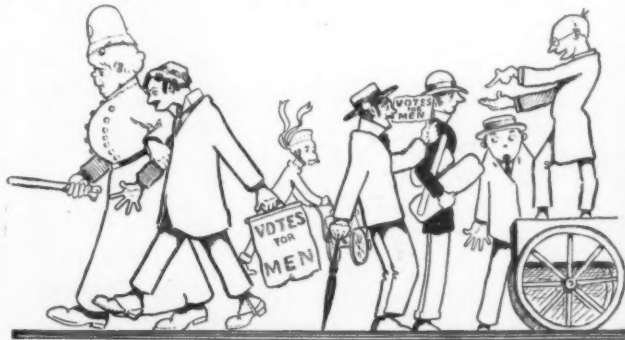
A NATIONAL society for the amelioration of the condition of young girls who have finished their education and have not yet been fallen in love with, ought to be started at once.

Everything has been learned that is worth while knowing. She waits, like a trim yacht in the doldrums, not knowing which way the wind is going to blow.

All is calm and monotonous, for nothing is worse than

suspense. To acquire a proficiency in any one direction might be fatal, for when a young girl becomes a specialist in any one direction, her matrimonial chances are gone. Her main business is to keep herself as useless as possible until the right man comes along.

THE F—s had taken a baby to raise. A certain Dutch friend of F's on hearing of it said: "Vell, Meester F—, I hear you haf daken a poy to raise. Yes, ver' goot. Ven you dake a baby you haf some ghoice, but ven you haf a baby you dake shust vot you can git."



20 YEARS AFTER

To Vote or Not to Vote?

That is The Question

Life's Readers Express Themselves on Woman Suffrage



From Headquarters

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—I am taking advantage of your generous proposition for a "woman's number" to bespeak your friendship and sympathy for a much misjudged and afflicted group of people. Your splendid and effective fight, waged in behalf of the "poor beasties," emboldens me to present this new cause for your powerful consideration.

The oppressed and down-trodden, for whom I ask your favor, are the women of the four suffrage states. In a short article it is impossible to paint adequately our sufferings. We are written about, and talked about, and preached and prayed about. We are interviewed early in the morning, late at night and "between meals." We are subject to every prejudiced journalist, every foreign traveler, every passing tourist.

Here are some of the intelligent requests

made of us: A telegram from a great daily, "Wire in ten words what was the effect of the woman's vote in the last election upon drunkenness." Another, "Please reply by return mail answering these questions: 'How old is the average woman voter who took part in the last election?' 'How did the mother vote, how did the business woman vote; did sons vote with their mothers or their fathers; did the 'smart set' vote; did the church woman vote?' etc., ad infinitum ad nauseum. This is a favorite question—mind, all these from intelligent (?) people or publications: "How many women voting at the last election were divorced?" Others: "Do the women who vote have children? Can they read and write? Do they go to church? Do they ever keep house?" etc.

The acme is reached, however, by the long lists of printed questions, which we are expected to answer, always by "return mail," no

"postage enclosed!" Some of these lists would make an angel weep. "Do the women of the suffrage states wear divided skirts upon all occasions?" was one of the latest from a circular containing twenty questions. Another: "Do husbands spend their evenings out in the states where women vote?" The only question which has not been propounded is that famous one which Artemus Ward claimed was asked, when he applied for charity, "Air you male or female, and if so, how long have you 'ben' so?"

Good LIFE, Just LIFE, Powerful LIFE. Will you not take up this crusade? Will you not publish and proclaim to the world that we are normal women—that we vote to be sure, in obedience to our laws; that it is a simple process, exactly like going to the play, the opera or the post-office, just as formal, just as peaceful, just as innocent. We do not live in trees nor te-

(Continued on page 409)

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BRANDIES

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BRANDIES MADE
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New York



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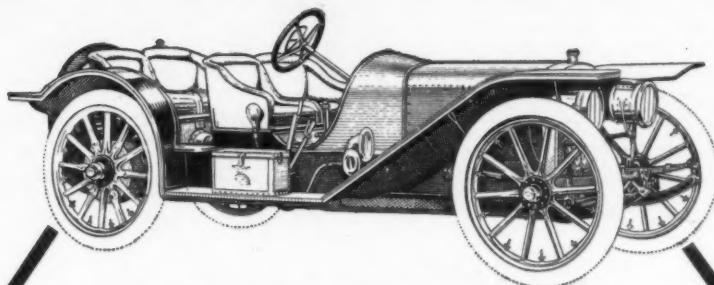
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A Car for the Discriminating Few



THE TRAVELER
Underslung
frame chassis;
40-inch wheels;
4 cyl.,
50-60 H. P. motor,
\$4,000

THE AMERICAN

This is, frankly, a car for those few men of means in each community who will not be deterred (by the first-cost) from owning an automobile which will be awarded precedence in any distinguished company in which it may appear — native or foreign.

You can see at a glance that the American would dominate any automobile assemblage, by the mere beauty and individuality of its design.

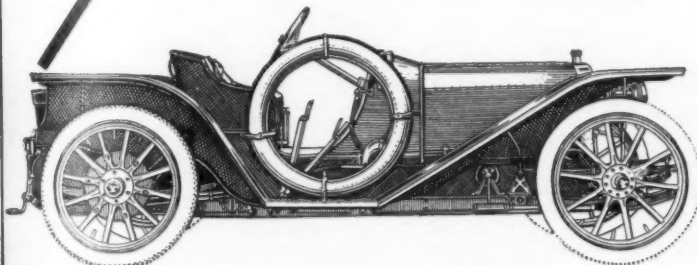
This exterior smartness, which makes the American the observed of all observers wherever it is driven, is the

sign and symbol of operative qualities just as unique and just as pronounced.

The owner can afford to be supremely confident no matter where he travels — no other car he encounters will cause him to blush for his American.

Each year up to the present — fifth — season of the American, a sufficiently limited number of cars have been built to ensure the masterly construction of each.

Two hundred American cars will give two hundred owners for 1909 the absolute assurance that

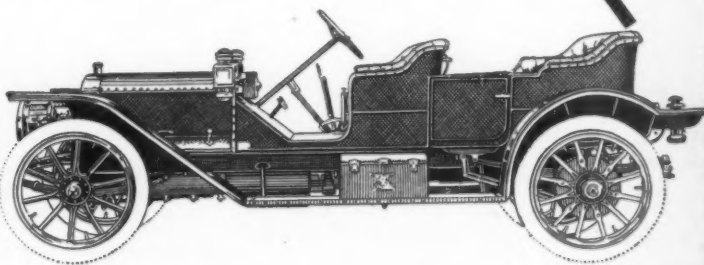


THE ROADSTER
Underslung
frame
chassis;
4 cyl.,
50-60 H. P.
motor,
\$3,750

they possess:—

In the words of the largest individual owner of cars in the land and a man of national prominence: "The handsomest car in the world."

And in the words of Herbert Lytle, the celebrated driver of foreign and American cars: "The fastest car — barring none — I ever drove in my life."



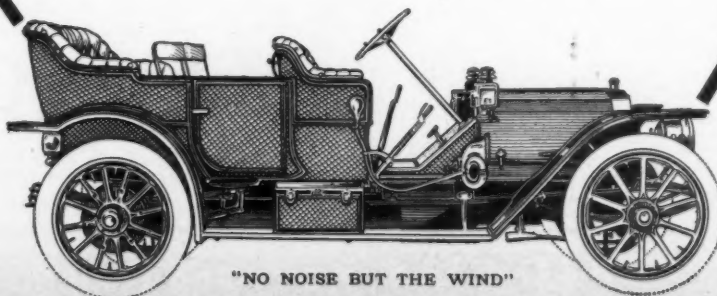
THE GADABOUT
Toy
tonneau;
seated
for five;
4 cyl., 50-60
H. P. motor,
\$3,750

The tremendous power generated by the American — its marvelous capacity for picking up speed instantaneously — the straight line drive due to the underslung frame — the available speed capacity of 60 to 80 miles — these are features too vital to be discussed here. You should have the literature and arrange for a demonstration, no matter what other car you may have had in mind.

American Motor Car Company

Dept. F. — Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.



THE TOURIST
4-cyl.,
50-60 H. P. motor;
seated for seven;
\$4,000

"NO NOISE BUT THE WIND"



The Southwestern Limited

between New York, Dayton, Cincinnati
Indianapolis and St. Louis

A daylight ride along the historic Hudson
River and through the Mohawk Valley

ALL the conveniences that man, woman or child has
at home, office or club you have on this train
and still keep on moving toward your destination over
the smooth "Water Level Route" and through some
of the richest scenic attractions of the world.

SPECIAL FEATURES—Buffet-smoking and library car, observation car, stenographer,
telephone, barber, fresh or salt water baths, valet, ladies' maid and manicure, electric
lights throughout, individual reading lamps in all drawing rooms, staterooms and sections.

There are several other splendidly equipped daily
trains in each direction between New York and Cincinnati,
Dayton, Columbus, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

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Railroad and Pullman tickets delivered by special representative on request from our
offices: 1216 Broadway, New York, 'Phone 6310 Madison; Fourth and Vine Streets,
Cincinnati; 1 East Washington Street, Indianapolis, and 715 Olive Street, St. Louis.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Illusion

An open periodical I saw as I passed by,
And down the list of contents I idly cast my eye;
I saw the queerest title,—whatever could it mean?
"The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

I looked again, and gazed at it in utter blank surprise.
Though I had read the words aright, I scarce
believed my eyes!
For surely readers will agree no one has ever
seen
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.
Of terms a contradiction! Of thoughts a paradox!
Experience it stultifies, at common sense it
mocks.
As well say two and two make five, or that the
sky is green,
As the Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!

I love the periodicals, I read them every time;
I love a lightweight story, or a bit of senseless
rhyme,
But I never have discovered,—although my eyes
are keen,—
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.
Perhaps there is a fountain that will give Im-
mortal Youth;
Perpetual motion may be found; in wells there
may be truth.
But credulity has limits; they must tell to some
marine
Of "The Literary Spirit in the Modern Maga-
zine!"

—Carolyn Wells in *The Bookman*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

Kept Him on a String

"I kept my husband on a string five years
before I consented to marry him!"
"Why so long?"
"Well, you see, I waited until I could see his
way clear financially!"—*Lippincott's*.



"A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT"

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the
South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Dead Ones

Senator Beveridge, in the course of an elo-
quent after-dinner speech in Boston, said of
child labor.

"When we consider the indifference with
which so many of our great men look upon the
child-labor evil, we can't help wondering if these
men are so very great after all."

Senator Beveridge paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, was addressing an as-
semblage of people. He recounted the people's
wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"Where are America's great men? Why
don't they take up the cudgel in our defense?
In the face of manifold wrongs, why do they re-
main cold, immovable, silent?"

"Because they're all cast in bronze," shouted
a cynic in the rear."—*Baltimore American*.

Etiquette a la Mode

AUGUSTUS: Hullo, old man; how are you, and
how are your people, and all that sort of silly
rot?—*London Globe*.

CIRCULAR TOURS

**Southern Pacific
Steamships**

Elegant Accommodations

New York — New Orleans

Choice of several rail lines from either city
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SOUTH AND MIDDLE WEST

Returning to starting point

ROUND TRIP RATE

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Pittsburg, 708 Park Bldg., Chicago, 120 Jackson Blvd., St. Louis, 903 Olive St., Detroit, 11 Fort St., Cincinnati, 53 E. 4th St., New Orleans, 227 St. Charles St.

How to Serve Grape Fruit
IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from
the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to
half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite
flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect
of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape
fruit served in this manner.

INDIVIDUALITY IN MILLINERY

Eleanor
Invites your inspection of early Spring Hats.
Prompt attention to out-of-town custom.
315 Fifth Ave., at 32d St., N.Y.

To Vote or Not to Vote?

(Continued from page 406)

pees. We wear clothes, not divided skirts nor trousers, but Directoire gowns and "Merry Widow" hats. We are born, we marry, we die, just as you do. We have children—yes, we even go so far as to have grand-children, the finest in the land! (photographs to substantiate this assertion will be submitted if required).

We keep house, we go to church, we drive auto cars, we play "bridge," we try to befriend and "Mother" the many ill and helpless people you send us, we are handsome and plain and foolish and wise, after the same fashion as the wives and daughters of the readers of LIFE. "World without end"!

No. We are exactly the same as the women you know, but the strange fact about it all, and one which has never dawned upon an enlightened public, is that the distinction is in the *men* of the suffrage States. These splendid, brawny, big-hearted American gentlemen who are "winning the West" have a curiously chivalrous idea which is, that they prefer to have the mothers of their sons and daughters classed as citizens, rather than as "criminals, paupers and idiots"!

SARAH S. PLATT DECKER.

DENVER, COLO.

A Club Well Worth While

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—Nine years ago I was one of seventeen women who formed this club. We are not a "Woman's Suffrage" organization, or a "Village Improvement" society, as so many who call themselves "clubs" are. We are organized to secure for our 323 members a higher physical, intellectual and moral condition in which to live. We meet twice a month, from October to May inclusive, and devote one month to the earnest study of the following subjects:—Civics, literature, history, education, art, Bible study, household economics, nature study. Our two meetings are addressed by experts in their subjects, and the club members study together at other times during the month.

I have written this description of our club life better to emphasize the great work we have done for our city in its fight against tuberculosis.

A Tuberculosis Society was formed last spring. They worked all summer and in the fall were about out of funds. So our club decided to have what is called a "Tag Day." Ours was conducted along very careful lines, only older ladies, accompanied by young ladies (no children), being stationed in our banks, large stores, railroad stations, and going to the mills at the noon hour—from nine A. M. until about five P. M., when our tags were all sold. We earned \$5,110.00 for our Tuberculosis Society. Much more could have been collected in the little red boxes had we provided more tags. Because of our work, together with the Tuberculosis Society, two nurses have visited the poor patients in town, and by their expert care and the milk, eggs and clothing bought by the money, have helped many on to recovery, have indirectly helped our city and state, and, in fact, our whole country—all this done in a quiet, lady-like manner. This one club has been worth while, has it not?

(Mrs.) PHILIP C. SHELDON, President.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A Plea for More Confidence

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—We are an anti-suffragette, but believe that the right of confidence between husband and wife is a question of vital importance. A

The Baldwin Piano

The Making Masterpieces

Have you ever seen the full orchestral score of a great opera?

Every page is devoted to one line of music. Violins, cellos, horns—all the instruments are given staves by themselves. And what genius must combine these multiple parts in one harmonic whole!

If we could take you through that vast artistic concern, the Baldwin piano plant, you would witness the development of a masterpiece along similar lines. The perfection of every detail in the complex organization of the instrument is *specialized*. The cutting and seasoning of the woods; the selection, indifferent to cost, of the materials of each mechanism; the finished skill applied to fashioning each part from special patterns.

The uniting of all these factors by men with the temperament and talent necessary to stamp with character *the work as a whole* produces that highly improved instrument—THE BALDWIN PIANO.

"Not for the fingers alone, but for the heart and the imagination—my Baldwin!" de Pachmann.

The emotional capacity of the Baldwin tone and its exquisitely accurate action have made this piano the idol of the great Chopinist, of Pugno, of Sembrich—of artists and gifted amateurs on two continents.

EVERYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES at the Baldwin dealers, or in the exclusive Baldwin salesrooms in Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Denver and San Francisco, you may hear this individual piano. For the catalogue and full information—write the nearest office.

The Baldwin Company
CINCINNATI

Grand Prix Paris, 1900

The Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904



LIFE'S SUGGESTION FOR A LOVING CUP

man and woman enter into the holy bonds of wedlock. He considers that she is both physically and mentally adapted to bear him children, to entertain his guests; in fact, to manipulate the entire working of a household; but he thinks she lacks the requisite mental calibre to comprehend his business life. So he deliberately and systematically envelopes her in a garment of ignorance. The husband dies suddenly and upon the wife falls the full weight of the blow. There is no will, and claims upon the deceased's estate present themselves with vampire voracity.

The wife, with a feeling of trembling and dread, beholds the task before her. And when "Dame Grundy" hears the state of affairs, how quickly wags the tongue of slander.

(Continued on page 411)

NAIAD



ODORLESS

HYGIENIC

DRESS SHIELD

Supreme in
Beauty, Quality and Cleanliness
Absolutely Free From Rubber,
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Can be Sterilized, Washed and Ironed. Guarantee with every pair. All styles and sizes. At the stores or sample pair sent on receipt of 25 cents.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs., 101 Franklin St., N. Y.

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FLANNEL

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New Designs for Southern Wear

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"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading
Retail and Men's Furnishing Stores.

DOES NOT SHRINK

Martin & Martin

For Distinction
For Smartness
For Correctness
For

Material Superiority
In Fashionable Footwear
For Men and Women,
surpassing in every point the
usual custom work (yet much
below it in price) and ready
For Immediate Use~

The New Boot Shop
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New Ideals of Store Service



THE LAST STRAW
"MA, CARRY ME!"

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TEN LIMITED, conducted parties to EUROPE in April, May, June, July. Everything First Class. "Old World Tourist Guide" Free. DE POTTER TOURS, 32 Broadway, N. Y. (30th Year.)

To Vote or Not to Vote ?

(Continued from page 409)

How easy it is to accuse the wife of extravagance. No virtue, no prudence, no caution, no generosity can protect the wife from misrepresentation.

Her conduct is misunderstood by weak intellects, and by those who only see a part of it, and hastily form a judgment of the whole. How different a situation might we present had the husband devoted a few moments every day in explaining his business life. There are exceptions in this matter of marital confidence, as in all other vital questions. Still, daily we view the lamentable confusion of unsettled affairs.

(MRS.) LOUISE A. LARNED.

NEW YORK.

The Social Evil

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—I am very sure that this letter will not be printed; nevertheless I am so strongly of the opinion that it, or something analogous to it, should now appear wherever the interests or point of view of women are given expression, that I send it.

Beneath all the academic reasons which may be given for the enfranchisement of women is one less often expressed—namely, that legislation by one sex for both sexes concerning the great problem of social evil shall cease.

The history of such dominance has been, as it continues to-day, the sacrifice of the lives of millions of women. And these women may be thus victimized for one reason—and for one reason alone—their economic and social unprotectedness.

The age of consent in the State of Delaware is seven years—and the age when a child can consent in honorable marriage, of course, much later! All through the chivalrous South the term is from thirteen to fourteen years.

In the four suffrage states the minimum is eighteen years.

The same is true of every country where a similar emancipation exists. This is but one concrete result of the immediate effects of that education which the franchise brings. The refusal of one-half of the race to elevate to positions of authority the men who have exploited them is the next. And the last is a fixed determination that full instruction as to the present appalling facts, and their absolute needlessness, shall be given to every member of the community.

Such problems demand the powers of citizenship. The vague, slow methods of "indirect influence" might be followed were the questions involved less momentous, and had not this pretty game been faithfully played and found totally inadequate.

Yours truly,
JULIA R. RAND, M.D.

The Other Side

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:—

Sir:—Half the women I know spend a good deal of their time making things possible between their husbands and their grown sons. To find another grown man in the house is exactly as disconcerting to mankind as the similar experience of mothers and daughters.

Make Your New House a "Craftsman" Home

This adv. may mean far more to you than you now realize. Our illus. booklet "The Craftsman House," will tell you why. Sent free on request by GUSTAV STICKLEY, The Craftsman, Desk No. 133, 41 West 34th Street, New York.



A LITERARY work is judged by the fame of its author, a painting by that of the artist, a statue by that of the sculptor; so should a Piano be judged by the Character and Ability of its Makers.

When You Buy a Kranich & Bach Piano

you buy a piano which bears the names of men whose life-training, education, ambition and capital *have always been and always will be directed to the one sole single intense purpose of making the Best Piano that mind can design and hands construct—*

The Standard Piano Investment of America and Europe

A Kranich & Bach Grand or Upright in your home is an unquestioned evidence of cultured musical taste and discrimination.

Write for catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. If none is near your home we will ship direct from factory. Very convenient instalment terms.

With each catalogue we will send free an interesting Composite Portrait and Sketches of the World's Greatest Pianists.

FACTORY and WAREHOUSES **KRANICH & BACH** 235-45 E. 23RD ST. NEW YORK PIANOS

And as for women not getting on as well with other women as men with men, may I offer this suggestion? After men succeeded in arrogating to themselves every interesting (and self-supporting) activity they became necessarily a business proposition to women. Every door of opportunity and independence and experience save one they locked to her. Then other women in the way were just as necessarily regarded as business propositions also.

Men have always had continual business difficulties with one another. Look at dissolved partnerships, political factions, law suits, Wall street. A few men have been superior to this; a few women have been superior to the other.

Now that women are permitted some opportunities in the world they live in, we see already this amazing spectacle—an International Council of Women, representing twenty-three countries, and millions of members, and transacting its business in absolute accord. (One branch of its business is investigation and control of the white slave traffic.) In this country alone there is an organization of women numbering 8,000,000. From out a mass of similar testimony I quote the letters of two eminent men who have had constant dealings with them:

"My chief contact with the women's clubs has been in the cause of pure food. In this matter

(Continued on page 412)



One cup is a light lunch in itself

The Best Cocoa of them All

Rich and delicious in flavor, yet so carefully manufactured that it is readily digested by young or old. The purest of pure foods, strengthening and invigorating.

Excellent for a light lunch. Quickly prepared. Fifty years of world-wide popularity. Whatever the house of Maillard does, it does to perfection.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate is such an universal favorite with lovers of French dainties, that it is its own recommendation. Flavored with the true Vanilla bean only.

Sold by all Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue and 35th Street.

Bon Bons, Fancy Cakes, French Bonbonnières, etc.

The Ladies' Restaurant is a popular Luncheon resort—"afternoon tea" 3 to 6.

To Vote or Not to Vote?

(Continued from page 411)

I have found them the most efficient organizations now existing. They are enthusiastic, hard working and effective."—H. M. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry.

"No better illustration of the high educational work and moral purpose of the woman's clubs can be found than in their persistent and discriminating study of the problem of child labor. I appreciate so deeply the effective work they have done that I am glad of an opportunity to express this belief."—S. McC. Lindsay, Secretary National Child Labor Committee.

Does this look like an inability "to get on"? Indeed the harmony of this organization is unparalleled in any one of men of similar magnitude.

The wire pulling and intriguing which goes on among even "frank" college youth to make its clubs is appalling. Women study political deals and business exposures, then we pick up

the papers (yours among the worst) and see such pompous headings as "Eminent Men Meet to Discuss Are Women Naturally Honest." The Emperor of Germany and the President of the United States are judged as TWO INDIVIDUALS whom even great responsibility cannot keep from an indiscreet perpetual parlousness. If they were female rulers every woman in both countries would be made to feel personally responsible. "What else can we expect from the talkativeness of women?" * * *

The New England Conscience Heard From

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—In an editorial upon woman's suffrage this week you quote a lady whose name begins with a B, and is otherwise unknown, as stating that laboring men and women are "bitterly opposed" to it. This you say would be very "significant" "if true."

It would, indeed—so significant, in fact, that if it were not quite specially and wonderfully false woman's suffrage would to-day in this democratic country be a comparatively unknown phrase.

Do you sincerely believe the American woman's reverence for man is helped by what he has done with the suffrage? However we will pass over this academic question. We can't always skip your articles on woman—unfortunately there are too many of them, and as we pay \$5.00 a year for you our New England consciences are quite against such a proceeding. May this, therefore, be our excuse for urgently desiring you to inform yourselves of some rudimentary facts before writing upon this subject?

The American Federation of Labor—comprising over 2,000,000 workmen—have declared for woman's suffrage unanimously.

The resolution of the State Federated Union of New York reads as follows: "Whereas, women workers are handicapped as wage-earners through being deprived in the State of New York of full citizenship; be it therefore

"Resolved, That the Joint Judiciary Committee of the Senate and Assembly be urged to report favorably the concurrent resolution which proposes such an amendment to the constitution

(Continued on page 413)



MILKWEED CREAM

We want every woman in America to send for a liberal free sample of Milkweed Cream and our booklet telling of the wonderful results that follow its daily use. Write today before you forget.

This is the one toilet cream that has proved its merit. It is nature's own aid to beauty—a skin tonic. A very little applied gently to the face, neck and hands, night and morning, cleans out the tiny pores, stimulates them to renewed activity and feeds and nourishes the inner skin and surrounding tissues. The certain result of this is a complexion clear and brilliant in coloring—a skin soft and smooth without being shiny—plump, rounded cheeks from which all lines and wrinkles have been taken away.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Don't forget to write for the liberal free sample.

F. F. INGRAM & CO.
38 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets

At all the high-class shops where Redfern Corsets are sold expert fitters are in attendance to select and fit the distinctive model intended for your figure.

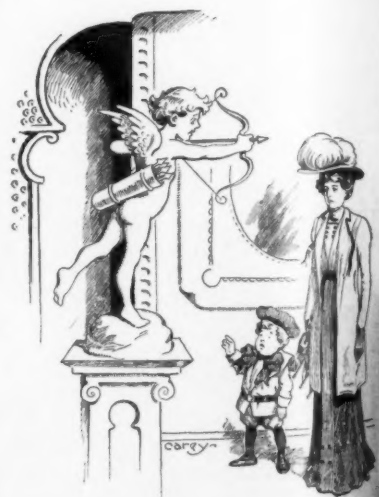
The newest creations from the atelier of the world's leading corset designer are patterned especially to provide a fitting foundation for the exacting modes of the season. Their comfortable fit is the natural result of the science of their designing.

Redfern Corsets are the standard of corset fashion—The foundation of the perfect-fitting gown. Boned with genuine Artic Whalebone.

Security
Rubber Bulb
Hose Supporters

on every corset. Write for booklet "L" telling how to lace and fit Redfern Corsets and describing a few of the models. Price, \$3.00 to \$10.00 per pair, according to materials.

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York Chicago Oakland, Cal. Copyright 1908, by The Warner Bros.



"OH, SAY, MAMMA, CAN I HAVE ONE OF THOSE BOW'N ARRERS, 'STEAD OF A HARP, WHEN I'M AN ANGEL?"

TRAVEL MADE EASY

An opportunity is offered to join a small party sailing for Naples April 17th, visiting Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine, Holland, Belgium, France and England. Leisurely travel, with every comfort. DR. H. W. DUNNING, 122 Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

To Vote or Not to Vote?

(Continued from page 412)

as shall give women the same protection which men now enjoy as voters."

As you often point out that men represent women, it seems unlikely that this step would be taken against "the bitter opposition" of the working women who compose the families of these men.

Here is another typical account of the meeting of the Michigan branch: "Mrs. Barnum was seated as fraternal delegate from the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association. The greeting she gave was received with enthusiasm by the convention, and the following resolution introduced by a delegate was unanimously adopted: 'Reaffirming our belief as expressed by resolution in former years that the best interests of labor require the admission of women to full citizenship as a matter of justice to them.

* * * * * Resolved, That we believe that the general good of wage-earners would be advanced by granting equal industrial and political rights to women."

And that you may be quite sure there is a broader enthusiasm here manifested than the dread of certain groups of men, of women as competitors, we herewith give a partial list of some of the Massachusetts men who have publicly declared that the enfranchisement of women is what they desire: Springfield Steam Engineers, Horseshoers, Carpenters and Joiners, Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees, Salem Carpenters' Union, Springfield Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers, Chicopee Metal Polishers and Buffers, Pittsfield Machinists, International Quarry Workers, Atlantic Coast Marine Firemen. These facts you can easily verify.

And now for the "bitterness" of the working women against this cause, we will confine ourselves to one amongst thousands of similar statements—the resolutions passed last October by the convention of Woman's Trades Unions in New York: "Whereas, We realize that direct political power would greatly help women, as wives and mothers, to bring about better conditions in tenement houses, wiser education in our schools, and better sanitation in our streets; and, whereas, we realize that the vote would also help industrial women to regulate their hours of labor and the conditions of it; therefore, be it

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EUROPE

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Delightful party to the Pacific Coast in early May.

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
308 Washington St., Boston
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Write for booklet



"WELL, WHAT D'VE THINK O' THAT! LOOK AT MRS. HEN PUTTING ON AIRS!"

"Resolved, That we solemnly protest against the action of those groups of leisured women who, never having been forced themselves into the world of work, fail to appreciate the position of their working sisters and use their great influence to hinder us in attaining the political emancipation we, the women workers, so much need, and be it further

"Resolved, That, whereas our brother trades unionists, appreciating what the possession of the ballot has done for them, have always sustained women in their demand for the vote. Be it resolved that we extend our profound gratitude to our fellow workers for their sympathy in our struggle.

"Whereas, By the development of economic conditions all the industries once carried on by women at their own firesides are now organized into great businesses outside the home, etc., etc."

But perhaps this will be sufficient to induce you to inform yourselves somewhat more fully. As the writing of this has given us considerable trouble, we trust that such may be the case.

EDWARD AND JULIA ROGERS.

LOOK FOR THIS MARK Allen Higgins W. & Co.



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FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION

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Our papers are truly and purely made. Send for illustrated booklet.

ALLEN-HIGGINS WALL PAPER CO.
Worcester, Mass.

Call the Cat

As Anna De Brown was coming to town,
The wind caught and lifted her hat;
She gave a slight scream—with reason, 'twould seem—
For out bounced a monster brown rat.

—Lippincott's.

His Company

WILLIAMS: Young Astorbilt isn't at all exclusive, is he?
WALTERS: Why, I don't know.
WILLIAMS: Oh, he isn't. Why, this morning I saw him riding in his automobile with a policeman.—Somerville Journal.

Merely Local

Young Thomas, afflicted with a green apple pain in his midst, thus explained his condition to his mother: "Mother, I've got an awful bad pain right in the middle of my stomach, but the rest of me feels fine!"—Lippincott's.



Milo
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES
OF QUALITY

PLAIN OR CORK TIP

The Measure of a Woman's Wit

There are three ways by which a woman's brain Can well be measured. One is by the fit Of boot or shoe. A size that give her pain Proves her deficient in the thing called wit.

A waist so girded that its span appears

A wasplike stricture, shows her stupid quite;

But when her head must put on sundry tiers

To wear her hat—all sense has taken flight.

—L. S. Waterhouse.

Worked Hard, Too

A persistent lawyer who had been trying to establish a witness' suspicious connection with an offending railroad was at last elated by the witness' admission that he "had worked on the railroad."

"Ah!" said the attorney with a satisfied smile.

"You said you have worked on the P. T. & X.?"

"Yes."

"For how long a period?"

"Off and on for seven years, or since I have lived at Peacedale, on their line."

"Ah! You say you were in the employ of the P. T. & X. for seven years, off and on?"

"No. I did not say that I was employed by the P. T. & X. I said that I had worked on the road, off and on, for that length of time."

"Do you wish to convey the impression that you have worked for the P. T. & X. for seven years without reward?" asked the attorney.

"Absolutely without reward," the witness answered calmly.

"For seven years, off and on, I've tried to open the windows in the P. T. & X. cars, and never once have I succeeded."

—Youth's Companion.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

Why She Was Glad

When the minister, who was a bachelor, had been helped to Mrs. Porter's biscuits for the third time, he looked across the table at Rhoda, staring at him with round, wondering eyes. "I don't often have such a good supper as this, my dear," he said in his most propitiatory tone, and Rhoda dimpled.

"We don't always," she said in her clear little voice. "I'm awful glad you came."—Unversalist Leader.

Latest Books

Loaded Dice, by Ellery H. Clark. (Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

Short Poems, by George Godoy. (Geo. Godoy, 1006 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.)

Simeon Tellow's Shadow, by Jennette Lee. (The Century Co. \$1.50.)

The Gorgeous Borgia, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

The Truth About Jesus, by M. M. Mangasarin. (Independent Religious Society, Orchestral Hall, Chicago.)

Nirvana Days, by Cale Young Rice. (The McClure Co.)

Puck of Pook's Hill, by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Parsimony in Nutrition, by Sir James Crichton Browne. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$0.75.)

Directions for Washing

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Pure Silk

AS silk fabrics are easily ruined by improper treatment, these instructions are important. The washing and rinsing should be done in warm water, not over 110 degrees. Use no strong laundry soap, soda, chemicals, powders or washing compounds. Pure olive oil soap is best for silk.

Wash carefully, rubbing as little as possible, and never on a washboard. Shape the garments when drying, and iron carefully when very slightly damp.

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Express **\$4.00**
Prepaid

Fit for a King; Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, blocked and trimmed all sizes, with silk band and leather sweat band, \$10.00 value, sent prepaid for \$4.00. Save two profits. We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day. State must satisfaction guaranteed—Address

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Our Inaccessible Park

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Riverside Park, the crowning glory of New York's park system, and the Mecca of every visiting tourist, is the most inaccessible park on this island to the mass of our inhabitants and to that important factor in our prosperity known as the floating population. It would naturally be supposed, therefore, that any means which would assist in removing this inaccessibility and enable the people to reach the park in comfort and enjoy its beauties from end to end for a sum within the means of the slenderest purse would be welcomed by the branch of the city government charged with the administration of this great public pleasure ground.

It is surprising, therefore, that the Fifth Avenue Coach Company having greatly increased its equipment of double-decked motor 'buses for the purpose of establishing a frequent stage service between Washington Square and Grant's Tomb via Riverside Drive, providing a seat for every passenger for its regular fare of ten cents, is confronted by the opposition of the Park Department. Its right to run a stage service is not questioned, but without giving it or the public a chance to be heard in protest, an ordinance has been adopted by the Park Board intended to bar from the parkways vehicles over ten feet in height—just enough to exclude the double-decked 'bus—the most popular form of public conveyance in use in this city to-day—on the ground that vehicles of that height will damage the trees.

We all know and admire the beautiful elms and maples along Riverside Drive, and none of us—especially such as are lovers of trees—would do anything to damage them; but we also know that trimming their drooping branches a foot or two, more or less, will not injure them nor detract from their beauty, for it is precisely what the Park Department does every fall, and the only question is as to how much they shall clear the ground. The Park Department, in order to exclude the double-decked 'buses, arbitrarily says it shall be ten feet.

Which is the more important: the maintenance by the Park Department of a theoretical standard of tree trimming, or the establishment of a service whereby the thousands in this city who are unable to afford the luxury of a private conveyance shall be enabled to reach and enjoy the beautiful park their taxes have provided? The parks are not designed for scenic purposes alone, but for the recreation of our people, and the city owes it to its citizens and to the strangers within its gates to provide, or allow others to provide, the means of enjoying this beautiful park, the fame of which attracts so many visitors to our city.

Our omnibus is not a freak or monstrosity. It is an approved form of public conveyance recognized as standard throughout Europe.

In this bleak March weather it seems a far cry to the torrid days of next summer, when these words would come with more pointed argument to the sweltering thousands who will be looking for a breath of fresh air. But if they want the service we are ready to provide—to carry them three miles further north from Seventy-second Street, through the length of this great parkway, without additional fare,—they must speak now with no uncertain voice.

Respectfully yours,

NEW YORK TRANSPORTATION COMPANY,
RICHARD W. MEADE, President.
NEW YORK, March 9, 1909.

The Wealth of France



French Natural Sparkling Table Water

Nature gives France a monopoly in the finest wines. Imitations have resulted in failure. France also possesses the finest table water in the world—Perrier. Beware of imitations in similar shaped bottles.

Grocers
Wine Merchants
39

Clubs
Hotels

Perrier
The Champagne of Table Waters



"HE HAD A BAD SINKING SPELL"

In the Heat of Battle

There had been a hotly contested football game between the Steam Rollers of the Benjamin Franklin School and the Avalanches of the George Washington School. After the game was over and the contestants had returned to their various homes one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower part of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he said; "but it hurts like sixty!"

His father examined it. It began to swell, and was very sore to the touch.

"I believe your collar bone is broken, my boy," said his father.

A surgeon was hastily summoned, and made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. How did it happen, Walter? Do you remember anything about it?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and I heard something crack, but I thought it was his collar bone."—*Youth's Companion.*

This man is not worrying because he has

Income Insurance

Whether laid up by illness or accident, whether his salary or usual income continues or stops, under our Popular Premium Policy he has a regular stipulated amount to depend on to pay his doctors' bills and expenses. Economical—payments sure and prompt—no physical examination required.

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THE DEVIL

IS APPROACHING THIS
MUNDANE SPHERE. HE
HAS HAD 40 DAYS OFF
(SO IT IS THOUGHT.)

IN the meantime a much more important event is the rapid approach of the

Easter Number of LIFE

NEXT TUESDAY

Have you been playing Bridge during Lent? Perhaps you think you know something about this popular game. But when you see the centre page cartoon in the Easter Number of LIFE, you will feel that you haven't learned the rudiments.

This Number, by the way, is a dream. Wonderful pictures. Crisp, trenchant and witty text.

COMING

April 22. Woman's Number. (Colored cover by Clay)

Among the writers who will contribute to this number are Gertrude Atherton, Agnes Repplier, Carolyn Wells, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Kate Masterson, Mrs. Thompson Seton, Minna Irving, Elizabeth Jordan and Clara Morris. This is exclusively a woman's number, no men being allowed to contribute to it.

April 29. Health Number. (Colored cover by Kilvert)

Full of vim. It has everything in it from two Irishmen sitting on a waterfall to a stirring scene in an insane asylum. When you read it your circulation will go way up just as the circulation of LIFE is moving these days. But that is another story. Sometime we'll tell you all about it.

May 6. Sportsmen's Number. (Colored cover by Crosby)

Full of fresh air and primitive instincts. All alive with splendid pictures.

May 20. College Number. (Colored cover by Clay)

Mr. Clay has done one of his very cleverest pictures in this number. It is the tree of knowledge. Now the fruit of the tree is inside the covers, and as for the centre page cartoon, well, it is enough to say that it is all about girls—and such girls!

Other numbers coming are the Jungle number, Summer Gadding number (devoted to travel), the Flirt's number, the Matrimonial number, the Book number and the Spook's number.

Order of issue subject to change.

LOOK ALIVE FOR LIFE



Branden
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Letters Tha
SYSTE



PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

— a real
refinement
in the way
of a smoke

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

In Little Brown Boxes

Busily Engaged

Brander Mathews, professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, recently told the following story to one of his English classes by way of illustration:

"A little girl whom I know very well was naughty one day. In fact, she was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mother took her upstairs to whip her. While the proceedings were going on, the bedroom door opened and the little girl's brother started to come in. The little girl, however, heard the noise as the knob turned in the door.

"Changing her position slightly as she lay across her mother's knee, she said, 'Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?'"—Judge.

A Toast

To Eve, who, recognizing the value of a higher education, secured it for herself and her descendants, while Adam thought only of tickling his palate.

M. A. Watson.

How to Write Letters That Win

A 172-page book that tells vividly, clearly, *specifically*, how to write every type of a winning business letter. How to use words that mold men's minds, change their opinions, open their pocket books—and bring back actual orders by mail—how to express your everyday ideas whether in writing or speech in that crisp, clear-cut magnetic English that commands attention and inspires respect.



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No long winded "grammar talks"—but 172 pages of hints and ideas you can use in dictating tomorrow morning's correspondence. If slips of speech are habitual with you. If your letters are dry, formal and poorly worded. If they lack the snap, the tone of words that *win*, get a copy of this book at once and tighten your grasp on the English language. The book is well printed on book laid paper, size 5x7 1/2 inches, substantially bound in vellum with attractive die-stamped cover.

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SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Hell

"Of hell, madame, you have no idea. Among all the devils you possibly know only the smallest, the Beelzebubian Armor, the agreeable croupier of hell, and him you know only through Don Juan. And for this woman deceiver, who sets such a bad example, you think it is hardly hot enough. Nevertheless, it is hellishly hot in hell, and once, when I visited it during the Dog Days, it was unendurable. You really have no idea of hell, madame. We receive little official information from thence. That the miserable souls of the damned down there must spend the entire day in reading all the poor sermons that are printed on earth is a base aspersion. So bad it is not in hell; such refined agonies Satan will never devise. Moreover, Dante's description is a little too mild; on the whole, too poetical."

"Hell, to me, appeared like a large farmer's kitchen with an interminably long oven, upon which stood three rows of iron pots in which the damned were roasting. In the first row sat Christian sinners, and, hard to believe, their number was not small, and the devils stirred the fire with unusual zeal. In the second row were the Jews, who shrieked constantly. The devils teased them occasionally; one of them, a fat,



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"NO MORE COFFEE FOR ME! TOO HARD ON ONE'S NERVES!"

417

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

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Sole Agents for United States.

stertorously breathing usurer, complained of the terrible heat, and upon his head a little devil drolly poured several buckets of cold water, to prove to him that baptism was really a refreshing kindness. In the last row sat the heathen who, with the Jews, cannot share in salvation, and therefore must burn forever. I heard one of them call out, as a cloven-footed devil banked fresh coal on the fire, 'spare me; I was Socrates, the wisest of mortals. I taught truth and righteousness and offered my life for the young.' But the base creature would not let himself be hindered in his task and growled, 'but all the heathen must burn, and we can make no exception for any man.'

"I assure you, madame, it was fearfully hot, and there was an awful shrieking, sighing, groaning, screaming, screeching and grumbling, and through all these horrible sounds there was clearly heard the fatal melody of the song of 'the unwept tear.'"—From the German "Das Buch le Grand," by Heinrich Heine. It is taken from the first chapter.

Extract Concerning a Cow, But Not Canned

And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed

(Continued on page 418)



Join the Fight

200,000 Persons were killed by the recent Earthquake in Italy

200,000 Persons are killed annually by Tuberculosis in United States alone

✠ With the assistance and co-operation of the International Tuberculosis Exhibition and the American National Red Cross Society

✠ THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

has entered upon one of the greatest campaigns ever inaugurated to conquer the dread tyrant—CONSUMPTION

✠ The entire exhibition which was attended recently in New York by nearly one million persons will be, as far as possible, practically reproduced in the next few issues of the magazine.

✠ Is any member of your family afflicted? If so, **JOIN THE FIGHT**

✠ If not, **JOIN THE FIGHT** anyway for your own good and for the good of humanity in general.

✠ Get **THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE** and read it for a few months. It will teach you how to care for yourself; how to care for others; how to fight the White Plague; how to save lives. Send it to those that you know who are suffering from this dread disease.

✠ Between 20 and 45 years one-third of all deaths are caused by CONSUMPTION.



Order the TUBERCULOSIS SERIES of
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

from your Dealer at once

Join the Fight

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 417)

as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost

most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold and miserable in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes and thanked the captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in

IF GOING ABROAD

Ernest.

185,
Regent Street

The most EXCLUSIVE MODELS in London. FANCY TAILOR
MADES. RECEPTION and EVENING FROCKS. MILLINERY. FURS

dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?—Mrs. Gaskell—Cranford, in first chapter.

Martin Chuzzlewit in America

Cheerily, lads, cheerily! Anchor weighed, ship in full sail. Her sturdy bowsprit pointing true to England. America a cloud upon the sea behind them!

"Why, Cook, what are you thinking of me steadily?" said Martin.

"Why, I am thinking, sir," returned Mark, "that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it?"

"Paint it as like an eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said Mark, "that wouldn't do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a Bat, for its shortsightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a Magpie, for its honesty; like a Peacock, for its vanity; like an Ostrich, for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it—"

"And like a Phoenix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky!" said Martin. "Well, Mark, let us hope so."—Charles Dickens.

Definition of a Kiss

"A kiss! When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in close proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter i in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavor of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!"—Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Pepys: His Valentine

14th (Valentine's Day). Up early and to Sir W. Batten's, but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the doore was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh; so up I went, and took Mrs. Martha for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry.

18th. In the afternoon my wife and I, and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there, upon a payre of embroidered and six payre of plain white gloves, I laid out 40s. upon her. Then we went to a mercer's, at the end of Lombard Street, and there she bought a suit of lute-string for herself; and so home.

Pepys's Diary.

A Question of Relative Merit

A little boy of eight years, attending school away from home, wrote a letter to his sister, from which the following extract is taken:

"We had a spelling-match in school to-day, and I spelled all the boys down and won the Meddle."—The Delineator.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA

BISHOP GREER

25

Then up spake the good Bishop Greer,
"Shun people and things that are queer,
All 'good things' are best
Make 'RAD-BRIDGE' your quest.
Their score pads and cards have no peer."

genuine Lager
after beer is in
her beers induce
boys try to get
At ten
G. VAN

BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

We have trained hundreds of men who had no former experience as salesmen and who formerly earned from \$25 to \$75 per month to be Traveling Salesmen and assisted them to secure positions on the road when they have since earned from \$100 to \$500 per month and expenses. We will do the same for you. Our Course in **Practical Salesmanship** is endorsed by Salesmanagers of leading firms everywhere. We maintain the largest **Free Employment Bureau** in the world with offices in the cities, and receive hundreds of calls for Salesmen. Our graduates earn **big money** for their results. If you want to increase your earnings and enter the most pleasant, best paid profession on earth our **Free Book "A Knight of the Grift"** will show you how. Write nearest office for it today. **Dept. 331 NATIONAL SALESMAN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.**

He Might Have Been Somebody

He might have been an author and have written many poems
To blossom for a little hour and molder down the ages
He was clever, he was cultured, he was traveled, he could write;
But the product of his genius never seemed to seek the light.
You seldom saw his name attached to "Letters to the Press";
But he always wrote a gentle word to soothe a friend's distress;
And when he was in Petersburg, and Peking, and in Rome,
Instead of writing "travels" he was writing letters home.

He might have been an orator and wielded words of flame
To illuminate the nation and to glorify his name.
He was able, he was tactful, he was eloquent of speech;
But he did not spread the eagle and rejoice to hear it screech.
Seldom on the public platform did he ever play a part;
But he always had a happy word to help a heavy heart.
And perhaps his cheerful speeches were too simple for the stump;
But they made a fallen friend forget he'd ever had a bump.

He might have been a scholar with a string of high degrees,
And have found some hidden meaning in a play of Sophocles;
But, instead of ever studying the dim and ancient letter,
He was studying his little world and how to make it better.
How to do some little kindness, common to the passing eye,
But which the hurried rest of us had noted—and passed by.
He might have been somebody on some self-encircled plan,
If he hadn't been so busy being something of a man.

—Edmund Vance Cooke in Sunday Magazine.

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"THESE ALPHABET BLOCKS AIN'T GOT NO LETTERS ON"

Kiss Money

"What will you give me for these?" he asked, holding the grapes over her head. "I'll give you a kiss," she said. He laughed, lifted the child in his arms, received her kiss, and gave her the grapes.

"I wish that everything could be bought that way," I thought, and out of pure idleness followed him.

He went to a flower-shop, and I saw him talking to the girl—she was showing him the plants, and presently he leaned over a rosebush and kissed her. She blushed, perhaps because I was by, and gave him some flowers—maybe in exchange for the kiss that he gave her. So I stayed in the door, to see what she would do with the kiss.

A weary-eyed woman entered and bought some roses. "My only friends," she murmured, as she drank in their perfume. The girl leaned over and kissed her pale cheek. Tears stood in the woman's eyes.

Then I followed the woman as she hurried along the darkened streets. On a corner stood a young girl who glanced at the passing men. The roses caught her eye. "How beautiful!" she said. The woman drew out the largest rose, kissed it, and gave it to the girl. I waited to see what happened.

The girl trembled as she smelled the rose, then, turning, hastened down an alley. "She kissed it first," she murmured.

She entered a poor room, and a sick woman's face brightened. "I was afraid you were not coming," she said.

"See what I have brought you. A lady gave it to me, and she kissed it first." The sick woman smiled; the girl kissed her. The perfume of the rose filled the room. Was it only the perfume of the rose?—Bolton Hall, in Lippincott's.

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